

THE
IRISHMAN IN SPAIN.

A F A R C E.

I N O N E A C T.

TAKEN FROM THE SPANISH.

By C. STUART.

L O N D O N :

PRINTED FOR J. RIDGWAY, NO. 1, YORK-STREET,
ST. JAMES'S-SQUARE,

1791.

R

ILLUSTRATION IN BRITAIN.

JOHN R. L.



47
2 12
105

BY C. STURGE

NO. 10

PRINTED BY J. H. COOKE, 10, ST. MARTIN'S LANE, LONDON, W.C.

1881

10

P R E F A C E.

THE following little Piece is but a hasty mutilation of a Farce, in Two Acts, called, *She Would be a Duchess*, which was stopped by the LORD CHAMBERLAIN, at the request of *General Gunning*. The Farce, however, in its original state, shall be published in the course of the Winter, with an Address to the Marquis of *Salisbury*, and Dedicated to *the Gunnings*.

To Mr. Colman's attention, the author feels himself very much indebted; for, owing to the interference of the Lord Chamberlain and General Gunning, the Manager had certainly more trouble with *The Irishman in Spain*, than in getting up any Three-Act Piece whatever.

h
ons

P R I N T

The following is a list of the names of the persons who have been appointed to the various committees of the Board of Directors of the Bank of the City of New York, for the year ending on the 31st day of December, 1880.

To Mr. John A. B. Smith, President of the Board of Directors, and to the other members of the Board, the following is a list of the names of the persons who have been appointed to the various committees of the Board of Directors of the Bank of the City of New York, for the year ending on the 31st day of December, 1880.

P R O L O G U E.

SPOKEN BY MR. R. PALMER.

WRITTEN by the AUTHOR of the FARCE.

GAD th' Haymarket's now so full of stones*,
Near Panton-street I'd almost broke my bones.
Says Patt, the Paviour, " th' Op'ra-house 'tis plain,
" Is to be pav'd with—*men* from Drury-lane :
" As for those stones, my jewel, on the right,
" They're for bombarding *Calais*† ev'ry night !"

The author of our farce your candour sues,
A patient hearing, none, sure, will refuse !
If he but make you smile, bestow some praise,
For the laugh's harmless that he means to raise.
He probes no wounds among the higher ranks—
No boxing—no intrigues—no Faro banks,
Where some high dames snatch Fortune's low rewards,
And splendid dashers shine by—dealing cards !

[Imitates a Faro Dealer.

Where lisping miss can calc'late lucky hits,
For *cropt-hair'd* beaux—Ar'nt all beaux now *sheer-wits* ?

[As if slipping his Top.

Worse than th' *Anthropophagi* are such males,
With necks beneath their shoulders, and no tails !

[Pulling down his Collar, and pointing to his Hair.

Ta'en from the Spanish !—Haven't we ta'en of old

[Reading the Bill.

Spain's sterling humour, and Spain's sterling gold ?
You're Candour's self—be kind—and—nay, adieu,—
I've more to say—but—I've, too, lost my cue.

[Exit.

* The Haymarket was then Paving.

† Alluding to Mr. Colman's Surrender of Calais.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

DON GUZMAN,	Mr. WEWITZER.
DON CARLOS,	Mr. FARLEY.
KILMAINHAM,	Mr. ROCK.
OLIVIA,	Miss HEARD.
VILETTA,	Miss FONTENELLE.

Servant.

SCENE, MADRID.

THE
IRISHMAN IN SPAIN.

SCENE I. DON GUZMAN'S HOUSE.

OLIVIA and VILETTA, *as from a Journey.*

[*Trunks, &c. carrying in.*]

OLIVIA.

AFTER my long residence in a gloomy monastery, welcome, thou dear Madrid!

VILETTA.

How happy will your guardian, Don Guzman, be, to see you, madam, after a seven years absence!

OLIVIA.

Psha! what signifies Guzman?

VILETTA.

And how happy shall I be to see my cavalier, after a week's absence!

B

OLIVIA.

OLIVIA.

But what shall I do, Viletta, to fix this fickle Carlos? Often at the gate of our convent was he eager to lead me to the altar immediately—then he would put it off for a week—and, but three days since, after he had appointed the time, and I was leaving my gloomy abode, I received a letter from him, that it would be much better to delay it for some months!—I wish I had not come out.

VILETTA.

Some months, ma'am!—Now, were I as handsome as you, I would not be a maid one month, not for all mines in Mexico!—Some months, indeed! before that time the cool season will be setting in; and then, my dear lady, Don Carlos may put it off till heaven knows when! But I wish his elder brother, Don Fabio, were come from England, ma'am,—he has a better right to you, by your father's will, you say, than Don Carlos,—and —

OLIVIA.

Oh! name him not! caprice, not care, but too often governs the will of parents! and, though I shall lose half my fortune to Don Fabio, by giving my hand to his brother, yet I would rejoice in the sacrifice!—the sacrifice! no sum can be too great a sacrifice to obtain the heart we love!

VILETTA.

Now, ma'am, I differ from you: in my mind love itself may be bought too dear!—but, ma'am, to obtain this capricious Don of your's, follow my advice,

advice, and you shall conquer him immediately —
immediately ! ma'am !

OLIVIA.

How, Viletta?

VILETTA.

Go into a nunnery for life.

OLIVIA.

Indeed !—that would be a road to conquest which
I really have no wish of pursuing : I have been there
too long already.

VILETTA.

I mean only that you should say so :—No, no ;
I know well enough, madam, that you would pre-
fer an agreeable young abbé to an ugly old abbess !—
A young Don is surely preferable to an old Duenna
—ha ! ha ! ha !—Is'nt he ?

OLIVIA.

I like your plan exceedingly—well, then, do you
say I am determined to take the veil for life.

VILETTA.

But what sort of a nun are you to be ?

OLIVIA.

Ha ! ha ! ha ! that which is farthest from my
heart—a rigid poor Clare !—See Carlos instantly.

VILETTA.

I shall, ma'am,—a poor Clare—leave him to me ;
I hav'nt liv'd to this time of life without knowing

how to manage a man ; be he Don or Devil—I'll manage him.

OLIVIA.

Very well—go then, Viletta.—Do not the men lay many snares to entrap us, without the least censure ; then, surely, we can't be blamed for endeavouring to foil them at their own weapons !

[Exeunt severally.]

Enter DON CARLOS.

CARLOS.

Where are all the servants ?—Here, Pedro ! Launcelot ! Grumio ! — Why, Don Guzman's house is like a haunted castle—*[noise without]*—more full of invisible sounds than tangible substances.—What, ho !—within there—are you all deaf ?

VILETTA.

Ha ! he's here—lucky—No, signior, but I have news for you that I fear will make you dumb !

CARLOS.

How ! has any thing happened to Olivia ?

VILETTA.

Yes, a great accident, indeed. A certain cavalier, called Don Carlos, having often broken his promise of marriage to a certain young beautiful damsel, called Donna Olivia, she is come to a solemn determination of going into a convent for life, in among
the

[5]

the poor Clares!—Ah, my poor dear mistress!
[almost crying.]

CARLOS.

What do I hear?—is this true?

VILETTA.

Too true, sir! Ah! says I, ma'am, if Don Carlos has broken his faith to you, what of that? surely there are more handsome men in Spain besides him; and why bury such beauty as yours in a filthy convent? No, Viletta, says she, as I am slighted by him, no man shall ever have the like opportunity to insult me, and as soon as I have seen Don Guzman, and settled my worldly affairs with him, I'll retire from all the haunts of vile perfidious man—Ah! my poor dear mistress!—little did I think she'd go out of the world so,—[crying]—but I must wait on her instantly, as she is writing to the abbess to prepare for her reception! Ah, cruel Don Carlos! Oh! my poor dear mistress to wear nasty sackcloth next her pretty little white skin. Ah, my poor mistress!

[Exit crying.]

CARLOS.

—Viletta return!—I am petrified—Distraction—
I had no other design in postponing the marriage than obtaining my brother Fabio's consent to it, in order that the whole of my Olivia's fortune should be settled on herself; but how can I explain this—
it is so delicate— [Walks about agitated.]

Enter

Enter DON GUZMAN.

GUZMAN.

[*Entering*] Here, Kilmainham!—Ha, Don Carlos! Well, I hear Donna Olivia is just arrived—a fine handsome girl, I am told!—well—eh—Carlos—when is to be the happy day?

CARLOS.

The happy day, sir!—Do you wish your ward to take the veil?

GUZMAN.

The veil!—yes, i'faith, I wish her to take the veil!—Hymen's veil for me! its the prettiest veil a fine woman can wear—and covers a multitude of sins!—ha! ha! ha!

CARLOS.

But Viletta has just now informed me, that, in consequence of my putting off the match for some time, for the reason I mentioned to you:—she is so much chagrin'd, that she actually means to go into a convent for life—is now writing to the abbess for that purpose, and will set out immediately—when she has settled with you.

GUZMAN.

I can hardly believe a word of it—a nun, indeed!—ha! ha! ha!—but, really, Carlos, you were much to blame in fixing so many wedding-days: for

no

no woman likes to have two wedding-days appointed, believe me—unless it be for two *different husbands*! ha! ha! ha!—but go to her:—you'll find her in the house somewhere—in the meantime—Kilmainham! [*calling*—I'll send my Irish footman in quest of Viletta—he'll find out from her whether she really means to take the veil or not.

CARLOS.

My obligations to you, sir, are great. If the arts of unadorned sincerity can prevail, I do not utterly despair of success!

[*Exit.*

GUZMAN.

Kilmainham!—This damn'd Irish fellow I pick'd up in my travels, is always out of the way!—Gad, after all, Olivia may be serious in her design; for many a young lady who has been educated in those seminaries of seclusion, have become so enamoured of retirement, that, like a well-tamed bird let loose, they sigh but to return, and enjoy their dear captivity!—Kilmainham!

Enter KILMAINHAM.

KILMAINHAM.

Your honour's pleasure, my lord! [*Bowing.*

GUZMAN.

Psha! where have you been? I'm not a lord here, sirrah, but a Don! we gentlemen in Spain, are all Dons.

KIL-

KILMAINHAM.

Dons in Spain!—troth, we have many Dons in Ireland too.

GUZMAN.

Aye!

KILMAINHAM.

Many! we have Don-nell—we have O'Don-nell—we have Mac Don-nell—we have Don-noughmore—we have Don-noughadee—we have—

[Counting his fingers.]

GUZMAN.

Pho! pho!—do you think you can get a secret from a woman?

KILMAINHAM.

Did your honour ever know a woman that conceal'd any from an Irishman? O' my conscience I'd get a secret from a woman, whether she had it or not!

GUZMAN.

Then find out from Viletta, if her mistress Donna Olivia really means to return to a convent, instead of giving her hand to Don Carlos. I hear, firrah, you are much in Viletta's good graces.

KILMAINHAM.

You may say that, master Don!

GUZMAN.

GUZMAN.

There's a couple of moidores for you ; and when you have obtained the truth from her, I'll reward you with some more.

[Gives money, et exit.

KILMAINHAM.

Moidores! [*looking at the money*] — very pretty doors, indeed! they are the doors that lead into the corner cupboard of every conscience—I think a few more of these doors will make the door of my heart fly off its hinges with joy! One of these doors will open Viletta's; and, as to the other, it will keep the passage open to my own, that my heart may fly into hers and hers into mine—like as I have seen upon the snuff-boxes in Exeter-Change, where two hearts are stuck upon a stick by that little dirty boy, master Paddy O'Cupid—he who wears four arms—two of them like a goose's and the other two like my own!—Now for my dear little Viletta!—Och! I never yet was conquered by woman, though I've often been laid flat by whisky!

[Exit.

SCENE II.

OLIVIA and VILETTA.

OLIVIA.

You have executed your commission, by what you tell me, Viletta, charmingly!—for which I will handsomely reward you.

C

VILETTA

VILETTA.

Thank you, madam :—but here comes the melancholy Don—Now, if he were my sweetheart, ma'am, hang me if I wouldn't rend the very heart-strings of his heart, before he knew that he had a heart to render ! Aye, that I would.

OLIVIA.

Ha ! ha ! ha ! you are a good, giddy, friendly, girl—ha ! ha ! ha ! ha ! but now to be grave.

Enter CARLOS.

CARLOS.

There is a mistake, dear Olivia, between us of a most—

OLIVIA.

Imprudent nature ! [*assumes and preserves great gravity*] for which you'll forgive me, signior, as I for ever renounce you and all the seductive qualities of your ruinous sex !—go, Viletta, to the abbess, as I directed you.

[*Exit* VILETTA.

CARLOS.

[*Aside*] I see 'tis too true ! — but Olivia !—my heart !—my hand !—here on my knees—[*Kneeling*.

OLIVIA.

OLIVIA.

Bow not the knee to me ; if you'd be happy, quit a hollow world, where nothing reigns but vice—where the false friend is like the dial's shadow, only to be seen in sunshine of our fortune ; for, when a cloud comes o'er us, he is gone ! Throw off these pompous garments, and deck thyself in pure simplicity of monkish habit—away—be gone—

Enter VILETTA with a Nun's Habit.

VILETTA.

Ah ! my dear lady, since nothing can stop you, here is your poor Clare's drefs !—Ah, sir ! [*crying.*

CARLOS.

Can nothing dissuade you then ?—my charming—

OLIVIA.

Come, humble weeds, ye are neither false nor flatterers ! [*embracing them.*] Take them, Vilett, to my chamber—send Guzman to me—should the confessor or the abbess come, let them be conducted to my apartment !—Capricious man, farewell !

[*Exit, laughing aside.*

CARLOS.

It is too true ! and I am undone for ever !—But I'll wait and see what influence Don Guzman

may have on her; should she really remain firm and inflexible, I shall certainly follow her example, and forsake a world devoid of all felicity!

[Exit.

VILETTA.

Now must I represent the lady abbess! ha! ha! ha! but here comes my cavalier—

Enter KILMAINHAM.

I defy 'ere a Spaniard of them all to take my heart—even by storm.

KILMAINHAM,

But one brave Irishman, Mrs. Don [*kissing her*] may, perhaps, take it by sap!

VILETTA.

Filthy fellow! [*Pushing him away.*]

KILMAINHAM.

Yes, by sap!—look at that door, Mrs. Don!

[*Holds up Money.*

VILETTA.

Ha! gold—You Irishmen—[*complaisantly.*

KILMAINHAM.

Are the most generous-hearted fellows in the world to the fair sex, Mrs. Don—

[*Still holds up the money.*

VILETTA,

VILETTA.

But what do you expect for this?

[*Snatching it and curtesying.*

KILMAINHAM.

That you will—

VILETTA.

What do you want, you wild Irishman?

KILMAINHAM.

Wild!—och! by my faith, I could soon tame you, Mrs. Don! but all I want, do you see, is this: Does your mistress, Donna Olivia, really, and by your faith and troth, mean now, to live in a convent all her life, and much longer, Mrs. Don?

VILETTA.

[*Aside*] He's brib'd by Carlos or Guzman! but I'll fit them!—Indeed she is determined to go into one to-morrow for ever! and I mean to follow her—I'll be a nun too, and break all the fellows' hearts!—

KILMAINHAM.

You!—you!—you a nun? By St. Patrick you'll die as good a nun, my jewel, as my own dear mother! she lived and died a nun, sweet crator, and left only thirteen children behind her—ha! ha! ha!—you a nun!

a nun! when you die a nun, my dear, I'll die a nun too—you a nun! But what proof have you?

VILETTA.

I've many, faucebox! plenty of proofs—proof positive.

KILMAINHAM.

Now in Ireland, in all cases where a woman's concerned, particularly in love-matters, we have no proof positive but the proof substantial, when it becomes visible at the end of nine honey-moons!—this is the true proof positive, honey—because why—it is positive proof!

[Strutting.]

VILETTA.

The fellow! nine honey-moons in Ireland!

KILMAINHAM.

Nine! by St. Patrick, our moons there are all made of honey—but now, if you will vow and swear that Donna Olivia *is* or is *not* to be a nun—I'll give you another door. [Offers money.]

VILETTA.

[Taking the money.] I like the fellow, after all. [Aside.]—Then I obey, and vow as you bid me, thus: By all my hopes of a husband—of being a nun I mean—she *is*, or is *not* to be a nun!—Be sure now not to mention this!

KIL-

KILMAINHAM.

Oh! dibble burn me, if I tell a word of it! *Is*
or is not—[*musings.*]

VILETTA.

Aye—*is* or *is not* to be a nun—Mum, now!—not
a syllable for your life!—*is* or *is not*!—Mum!—
[*Exit.*]

KILMAINHAM.

Upon my soul now but I have got to the bottom of
this affair in a jiffy. *Is* or *is not*!—Well, I defy all
the ancient philosophers now alive, to explain her
meaning!—If I only knew, now, whether she *is* to be,
or *not* to be, I could let my master a little bit into the
secret! but I suppose I have got enough for him to
guess at what it is!

[*Exit.*]

Enter DON GUZMAN and CARLOS.

GUZMAN.

Ridiculous!—If Olivia is really determined to
seclude herself from this world—which, by the bye,
I very much doubt—allowing she *is* to be a nun,
would you be such a ninny as to retire from the world
of fashion in Madrid?—to be a monk!—a Capuchin
friar in Castile!—with a hop-sack on your back,
and no hopes in your brain! ha! ha! ha! Now,
for my part, Carlos, I would not be that lazy,
poverty-

poverty-struck thing—a monk, to plague or please all the women in Spain!

CARLOS.

Deprived, sir, of the only brilliant which made society appear dazzling and delightful, no wonder that I wish to seek the shade of retirement!—

GUZMAN.

Psha! damn your university pathetic!—she is fond of water and water-crelles, with a parcel of starved nuns!—you of a cobweb'd library of self-starved authors, by whom nobody can exist, excepting the spiders!—And pray who gets fat and sleek upon their works, but the lean moths that spring from their own blood?

CARLOS.

Until you possess some part of my feelings, sir, you cannot be a proper judge of my actions!—Adieu. When a young or an old fool argues improperly, silence, I am told, is the best answer—and sure I am, it is the best reproof!

[Exit.]

GUZMAN.

Never was so affronted in my life!—those young fellows are never pleased with their good fortune, nor ever displeased with their bad conduct! but now will

will I torture this supercilious Don!—Dam'me,
neither he nor his brother shall have her!

Enter KILMAINHAM.

KILMAINHAM.

Your honour, master Don!—[*Bowing.*]

GUZMAN.

Well, firrah, have you got this secret?

KILMAINHAM.

Faith, you may say that:—In the first place, she
told me that both her mistress and herself were to
be a couple of nuns—

GUZMAN.

Well?—

KILMAINHAM.

I gave her a door for that—then, when I gave her
the other door, she swore that her mistress *is* or is
not to be a nun!

GUZMAN.

Is or is *not*! [*musing*]; and did you give her two
moidores for such information?

KILMAINHAM.

To be sure I did!

D

GUZMAN.

GUZMAN.

And is it for this you have thrown away the money, you blockhead?

KILMAINHAM.

Look you, master Don, we Irishmen, keep our pockets as open as our hearts—both are always ready to raceve and deliver!

GUZMAN.

First she said Olivia was to be a nun—then she was and was not!—[*musfing*]. I think I see through it—cannot be—I'll wait on her.—No—I have a better scheme—I'll go to her—tho' not as her guardian, but her French confessor—good—and—Kilmainham!

KILMAINHAM.

Your Donship!

GUZMAN.

I'll punish Carlos for calling me an old fool, however!—he does'nt remember that he has a brother—I will make him believe that he is returned to claim Olivia!—Kilmainham, would you like to be a Don?

KILMAINHAM.

A Don!—to be sure I would'nt!—Och, what a rum Don I'd make! [*Struts.*]

GUZMAN.

GUZMAN.

Ha ! ha ! ha ! Here, Pedro, bring my crimson velvet cloak, a sword, and hat !

[Enter Servant and exits]
Kilmainham, you know the English manners ?

KILMAINHAM.

Fait do I, and the Irish manners too !

Re-enter Pedro with the Cloak, &c. Exit.

GUZMAN.

Pedro, put them down : now, Kilmainham, off with your livery, and on with that cloak !

[Kilmainham puts it on.

KILMAINHAM.

I wish my Irish acquaintance saw me : [strutting ;]
to be sure they would'nt take me for a Spanish Richard the Third !

GUZMAN.

Now, on with your hat, and tye on your sword,—
now personate Don Fabio, the elder brother of
Don Carlos, and a grandee of Spain :—you are—

KILMAINHAM.

Faith, I'll believe myself the elder brother of the
King of Spain, if you please.

GUZMAN.

Ha! ha! ha! but come along and I'll give you your instructions?—Do you know the names of any of the great men in England?

KILMAINHAM.

To be sure I do—there is Big Ben—a very great man! [*consequentially.*]

GUZMAN.

Ha! ha! ha!—very well. [*Going, returns.*]

KILMAINHAM.

Then there's another great man!—

GUZMAN.

Who is he?

KILMAINHAM.

He belongs to one of the greatest and best of men!

GUZMAN.

But who is he?

KILMAINHAM.

The Prince's Porter! [*bawling.*] What a noise I'll make at the playhouses!—The great Don Fabio, grandee of Spain's coach! [*Strutting.*]

GUZMAN.

Come along—ha! ha! ha!

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE,

SCENE, a Street.

Enter VILETTA as an Abbess.

VILETTA.

Ha! ha! ha! an abbess!—I must have a solemn air, a stately step!—*[walks slow]*—never move my head!—speak slow and serious, thus: Young man there is no hopes of happiness for thee! but in a poor and gloomy monastery! Ha! ha! ha!—I'll do it tolerably, I think.—But here is the Don!—Now for it! *[Puts on a Veil.]*

Enter DON CARLOS.

CARLOS.

My brother arrived!—of him I can hope nothing—'tis many, many years since I saw him!—Oh! all's lost and I'll retire!—

VILETTA.

[Pompous and slow.] Young man, if thou hast but one gleam of hope of that sweet devotee, Olivia!—throw it from your bosom!—I am the venerable abbess of the convent, where she retires for life!—Even now I go to lead her to that place! Farewel! Give over every hope! *[Going slowly away.]*

CARLOS.

[Aside] Ha, Viletta's voice! I'll fit her! Ha! ha! ha! Ah, venerable matron, hear me!

[To Viletta.]

VILETTA.

VILETTA.

[*Aside*] Ha! ha! ha! Go on—

CARLOS.

Tell my Olivia that her severe resolution has compelled me to retire likewise!—To-morrow I go into the monastery of Capuchin friars for life—where hope shall never flatter me! where danger can never affright me! nor disappointment throw me into despair. Ha! ha! ha! I think I've given my lady abbess a story that will teize her mistress as much as she has teized me! [*Viletta astonished during this Speech.*] Farewel, most venerable matron!—Ha! ha! ha! [*Aside.*]

[*Exit*

VILETTA.

I doubt we are carrying this joke rather too far!—Can he, indeed, be serious? but I must run to my mistress directly.—Who, in the name of goodness, have we here! Kilmainham! What can this mean?

Enter KILMAINHAM.

KILMAINHAM.

Mrs. Abbess—stand clear!—I am a Don—Don Fabio!

VILETTA.

Now I see through something! Ha! ha! your Donship! [*courtesying.*]

KILMAINHAM.

How do you know me, most reverend mother abbess?

VILETTA.

VILETTA.

By your superior air !

KILMAINHAM.

You may say that !—but does your abbessship know where my brother, Don Carlos, lives ?

VILETTA.

[*Aside.*] His brother !—ha ! ha ! ha !—but I'll humour this ?—Does your Donship see that house ?

KILMAINHAM.

To be sure I do !—

VILETTA.

That is the great Don Carlos's—now for my dear mistress. [*Aside.*]

[*Exit slow and courtesying.*]

KILMAINHAM.

A civil old gentlewoman that !—But now I'll wait on my brother Don in a jeffy !

[*Goes to the door, and knocks as a Footman.*]

Servant opens the door.

SERVANT.

Sir !

KILMAINHAM.

Sir !—don't sir me, you knave—I am a Don—your master's brother, Don Fabio, just landed from
England

England—Tell your master I'm below, waiting here at the hall-door.

[Takes off his hat as a Footman, and walks.]

Or, harkee ! I could pick a bit, my lad, until my brother is rady to raceve me—let me amuse myself in your pantry !

SERVANT.

An odd fish of a Don, indeed !—my master's brother !—but walk in, your honour.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE I. DON GUZMAN'S HOUSE.

OLIVIA.

Viletta is a long while returning from Carlos's !
—I begin to dislike the scheme ; the eagerness of our wishes, prove but too often the ruin of our hopes !
'Tis strange my guardian has not yet waited on me !

Enter DON GUZMAN.

GUZMAN.

Now to discover if she really means to seclude herself or not !—What a charming girl she's grown !

OLIVIA.

Who is this ?—Pray, Father, whom do you want ?

GUZMAN.

Pardonnez moi !—though a confessor I am always gay—brought up in a monastery at Lyons—come here

here one year ago—your own confessor indisposed—
not being gay—he sent me to you—Ha! you are
to retire—but be gay—what though you eat little—
be gay—what though you drink little—what though
you sleep little—be gay—life is short—be gay!

OLIVIA.

A pleasant confessor, I must own!

GUZMAN.

You've been in love—dat is gay!—you change
your mind—dat is not so gay!—your lover be vex'd
—dat is not at all gay!—

OLIVIA.

The most unaccountable whimsical confessor!—

Enter VILETTA.

After whispering OLIVIA, *stares at* GUZMAN, *as he*
does at her.

GUZMAN.

I fear I shall be discovered!—that won't be so
gay!—*[Aside.]*

OLIVIA.

[Aside] Carlos a monk!—Oh, heavens!—

VILETTA.

Your confessor, ma'am!—nay, then he'll make
me confess! *[Aside to OLIVIA.]*

E

OLIVIA.

OLIVIA.

Peace!—Reverend Father, I have again changed my mind! and that, you'll say, is gay!—But if you will wait upon Don Carlos, and express it as my desire, that if he must retire from a faithless world, not to leave me behind him, you will do more real service to society than all the other confessors on earth!

GUZMAN.

Now you are again gay!—*[Aside]* I've a good mind not to let him have her!—but, hang it, if his age be the age of passion, it should be that of mine to be liberal and wise!—Come with me, my child! *[to Olivia.]* Ah! my sister—my lady abbess—pray go with us:—I wish to do good; and believe me, there is no real friend to your sex, that would deliberately wish to be an enemy to ours.

[Exeunt Don Guz. with Olivia & Viletta under his arm.]

SCENE, DON CARLOS's.

DON CARLOS and SERVANT.

CARLOS.

My brother in the pantry, say you!

SERVANT.

Oh! here he comes, your honour.

[Exit.]

Enter KILMAINHAM, eating.

KILMAINHAM.

Ha! my brother Don, your most obedient!—we travellers, do you see, have always a sharp look out for a luncheon!

CARLOS.

England may have improved his mind, but, as to his manners—I wonder if he was often at St. James's. Pray, brother, while in London, were you often at court?

KILMAINHAM.

Very often:—I've been at Round-court, Wine-office-court, Salisbury-court—good eating there, at the Barley-mow, brother Don,—the Lord-Mayor's Court, the Court of Conscience, the—

CARLOS.

Surely he fools me!—But perhaps he means no harm; for a foreign education, which improves the wife, often makes the fool more contemptible!—

[Aside.

KILMAINHAM.

I shall make many alterations, brother Don, in this house of mine! *[Strutting about.]*

E 2

CARLOS.

CARLOS.

I'm desperate ?—and if he'll not yield my Olivia, he shall take the consequences, [*Aside.*] Don Fabio, I know that, by the will of Olivia's father, you have the preference of her hand—yet, if you will yield her to me—

KILMAINHAM.

Pardon me, brother Don, but I intend to marry her myself—

CARLOS.

Nay then, before you do that, rid me of a wretched existence! Draw, sir! [*Draws.*]

KILMAINHAM.

Draw!—a long sword!—I never drew any thing but a long cork, and sometimes the long bow—but if you'll box me at the *bull-feasts*, on a four-and-twenty feet stage, damn me brother Don, if I don't fight you for love, and we'll divide the door-money!

[*In a boxing attitude.*]

Enter OLIVIA, VILETTA, and GUZMAN.

GUZMAN.

What's this!—brothers fight!—[*interposing.*]—My dearest Olivia, you confessed to me—I will now confess

fess to you—I am not a reverend father, but your guardian, Don Guzman, [*discovers himself,*] who assumed this disguise merely to discover your real intentions.

A L L.

Don Guzman !

VILETTA, *unveiling.*

And I will confess I am not an abbess, come to take Donna Olivia away, but her maid Viletta, who assumed this disguise to serve her mistress, and is now come, she hopes, to be present at her nuptials with the worthy Don Carlos—unless he still wishes to go into a monastery !—Ha ! ha ! ha ! ha !

KILMAINHAM.

Viletta the old abbess !—

CARLOS.

[*After whispering Guzman*] And he is not my brother ?

KILMAINHAM:

What I am not his brother Don ! [*to Guzman.*]

GUZMAN.

No—no—no—ha ! ha ! ha !—I dressed him up merely to teize you, because you called me an old fool.—I have this day received your brother's consent

sent to your wedding Olivia!—and, unless you are determined to become monk and nun, [*to Olivia and Carlos,*] let's send for father Ambrose, to make you man and wife!—What say you!

CARLOS.

What says my Olivia?

OLIVIA.

[*Faltering*] If Carlos be agreeable, I think it much better to retire—to the sweetest of all convents—domestic happiness!

CARLOS.

Charming creature! [*takes her hand.*]

KILMAINHAM.

Well, my little old young abbess, though I am no Don, yet I hope you'll follow your mistress's example, and give me your lily white hand! [*Seizes it.*]

VILETTA.

There you may have it—

KILMAINHAM.

Then, my jewel, we'll soon retire to my estate in the sweet bog of Allen! Ah! such a fine place Ireland is! the rivers running whisky! the brooks Usquebaugh!

GUZMAN.

[3¹]

GUZMAN.

Send instantly for father Ambrose ! *[calls aloud.]*

OLIVIA.

Ah, sir ! how much I am indebted to your generous
protection ! *[to Guzman, then comes forward.]*

Lovers, like warriors, practise every art,
To lead, in captive chains, the human heart !
Then no one sure, can poer Olivia blame,
For using stratagem to change her name !

[Exeunt Omnes.]

FINIS.

ns
®

13
2
13
[illegible]

[illegible]

OLIVIA

1 16 11
[illegible]

[illegible]



[illegible]

21712

8

2